3297

THE

SABLE *VENUS.*

An ODE.

by the Revd Mr Teale

INSCRIBED TO

BRYAN EDWARDS, Esq;

of Jamaica

Quid tum, ſi fuſcus Amyntas?
Et nigræ violæ ſunt, et vaccinia nigra.

VIRG.

KINGSTON, in JAMAICA:
Printed by BENNETT and WOOLHEAD, in HARBOUR-STREET.
M,DCC,LXV.

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SABLE *VENUS.*

An ODE.

I Long had my gay lyre forſook,
But ſtrung it, t'other day, and took
T'wards *Helicon* my way;
The muſes were together met,
The preſident himſelf was ſet,
By chance 'twas concert day.

Erato ſmil'd to ſee me come;
Aſk'd why I ſtaid ſo much at home;---
I own'd my conduct wrong;
But now, the ſable queen of love,
Reſolv'd my gratitude to prove,
Had ſent me for a ſong.

The ladies look'd extremely ſhy,
Apollo's ſmile was arch and ſly,
But not one word they ſaid.---
I gaz'd, ſure ſilence is conſent,
I made my bow, away I went;
Was not my duty paid?

Come to my boſom genial fire,
Soft ſounds, and lively thoughts inſpire,
Unuſual is my theme.
Not ſuch diſſolving *Ovid* ſung,
Nor melting *Sappho*'s glowing tongue,---
More dainty mine I deem.

Sweet is the beam of morning bright,
Yet ſweet the ſober ſhade of night.
On rich *Angola*'s ſhores
While beauty clad in ſable dye,
Enchanting fires the wond'ring eye,
Farewel! ye *Paphian* bow'rs.

O ſable queen! thy mild domain
I ſeek, and court thy gentle reign,
So ſoothing ſoft and ſweet:
Where meeting love, ſincere delight,
Fond pleaſure, ready joys invite,
And all true raptures meet.

The prating *Frank*, the *Spaniard* proud,
The double *Scot*, *Hibernian* loud,
And ſullen *Engliſh* own
The pleaſing ſoftneſs of thy ſway,
And here, transferr'd allegiance pay,
For gracious is thy throne.

From eaſt to weſt, o'er either Ind
Thy ſcepter ſways, thy pow'r we find
By both the tropic's felt:
The blazing ſun, that gilds the zone
Waits but the triumphs of thy throne,
Quite round the burning belt.

When thou, this large domain to view,
Jamaica's iſle, thy conqueſt new,
Firſt left thy native ſhore,
Gay was the morn, and ſoft the breeze,
With wanton joy the curling ſeas
The beauteous burthen bore.

Of iv'ry was the car, inlaid
With ev'ry ſhell of lively ſhade,
The throne was burniſh'd gold:
The footſtool, gay with coral beam'd,
The wheels with brighteſt amber gleam'd,
And, gliſt'ring round they rowl'd.

The peacock, and the oſtrich ſpread
Their beauteous plumes, a trembling ſhade,
From noon-day's ſultry flame.
Sent by their ſire, the careful eaſt,
The wanton breezes fan'd her breaſt,
And flutter'd round the dame.

The winged fiſh, in purple trace,
The chariot drew; with eaſy grace
Their azure rein ſhe guides:
And now they fly, and now they ſwim,
Now o'er the wave they lightly ſkim,
Or dart beneath the tides.

Each bird that haunts the rock and bay,
Each ſcaly native of the ſea,
Come crouding o'er the main:
The dolphin ſhews his thouſand dyes,
The grampus his enormous ſize,
And gambol in her train.

Her ſkin excell'd the raven's plume,
Her breath the fragrant orange bloom,
Her eye the tropic beam:
Soft was her lip as ſilken down,
And mild her look as ev'ning ſun
That gilds the *Cobre* ſtream.

The lovelieſt limbs her form compoſe,
Such as her ſiſter *Venus* choſe,
In *Florence*, where ſhe's ſeen:
Both juſt alike, except the white,
No difference, no,---none at night,
The beauteous dames between.

With native eaſe, ſerene ſhe ſat,
In elegance of charms compleat,
And ev'ry heart ſhe won:
Falſe dreſs deformity may ſhade,
True beauty courts no foreign aid;
Can tapers light the ſun?---

The pow'r that rules old ocean wide,
'Twas he, they ſay, had calm'd the tide,
Beheld the chariot rowl:
Aſſum'd the figure of a tar,
The Captain of a man of war,
And told her all his ſoul.

She ſmil'd, with kind conſenting eyes,
Beauty was ever valour's prize;
He rais'd a murky cloud:
The tritons ſound, the ſirens ſing,
The dolphins dance, the billows ring,
And joy fills all the croud.

Bleſt offspring of the warm embrace!
Gay ruler of the ſaffron race!
Tho' ſtrong thy bow, dear boy,
Thy mingled ſhafts of black and white,
Are wing'd with feathers of delight,
Their points are tipt with joy.

But when her ſtep had touch'd the ſtrand,
Wild rapture ſeiz'd the raviſh'd land,
From ev'ry part they came:
Each mountain, valley, plain, and grove
Haſte eagerly to ſhew their love,
Right welcome was the dame.

Port-Royal ſhouts were heard aloud,
Gay *St. Jago* ſent a croud,
Grave *Kingſton* not a few:
No rabble rout, I heard it ſaid,
Some great ones join'd the cavalcade---
I can't indeed ſay who.

Gay Goddeſs of the ſable ſmile!
Propitious ſtill, this grateful iſle
With thy protection bleſs!
Here fix, ſecure, thy conſtant throne;
Where all, adoring thee, do one,
One Deity confeſs.

For me, if I no longer own
Allegiance to the *Cyprian* throne,
I play no fickle part.
It were ingratitude to ſlight
Superiour kindneſs, I delight
To feel a grateful heart.

Then, playful goddeſs! ceaſe to change,
Nor in new beauties vainly range;
Tho' whatſoe'er ~~they~~ thou view,
Try ev'ry form thou canſt put on,
I'll follow thee thro' ev'ry one,
So ſtaunch am I, ſo true.

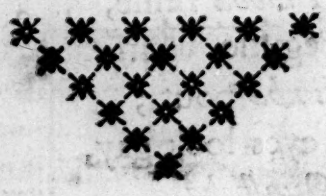
Do thou in gentle *Phibba* ſmile,
In artful *Benneba* beguile,
In wanton *Mimba* pout;
In ſprightly *Cuba*'s eyes look gay,
Or grave in ſober *Quaſheba*,
I ſtill ſhall find thee out.

Juſt now, in *Auba*'s eaſy ~~mein~~ mien;
I think I ſaw my roving queen,
I will be ſure to night:
Send *Quaco*, gentle girl, from home,
I would not have him ſee me come;
Why ſhould we mad him quite?

Thus

Thus have I ſung, perhaps too gay
Such ſubject for ſuch time of day,
And fitter far for youth :
Should then the ſong too wanton ſeem,
You know who choſe th'unlucky theme,
Dear BRYAN tell the truth.

FINIS.



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